

*Calderon,
Ellen,
James &
V.H.S.*



Eleanor
Franck

The Student's Pen

MAY, 1941

THE DAMON PHARMACY

R. F. DAMON - - - Registered Pharmacists - - - E. J. DUBE

Tyler St. at Woodlawn Ave.--Dial 5160--Open daily until 11 P. M.

Prompt and Efficient Prescription Service

Sick Room Supplies—Fountain Syringes, Water Bottles, Heating Pads, Clinical Thermometers, Bed Pans, Invalid Cushions, Colon Tubes, Irrigators, Atomizers, Nebulizers, Etc.

First Aid Supplies—Bandages, Tapes, Cottons, Dressings, Etc.

Baby Supplies—All leading formula foods—powders, soaps, nursers, nipples and other accessories. We feature Heinz Strained Foods and Junior Chopped Foods.

Trusses, Supporters, Garter Stockings, Knee Caps, Anklets, Etc. Expert fitting. Fittings by appointment if possible. Consultations free at any time.

Perfumes, Toiletries, Cosmetics, Vanities, Etc. Coty, Yardley of London, Richard Hudnut featured.

Fine Candies from Whitman's, Cynthia Sweets, Gobelin.

Camera Dept. featuring Agfa cameras, films, printing papers and chemicals. Offering a good stock of Dark Room outfits and accessories.

Sheaffer Fountain Pens and Pencils—Inks, Stationery, Etc.

Soda Fountain Service featuring Hood's Old-fashioned Ice Cream.

Morningside's Only Drug Store

D & H
Cone Cleaned
Coal

•
Automatic Stokers

•
Order next year's coal now
at the Lowest Prices.

Use Our Budget Plan.

•
Cooper Coal Co.
40 Fenn Street Tel 4591

Snap-on
Socket Wrenches
Blue Point
Mechanics' Tools

• •
H. J. Raup

15 Alden Avenue

Tel. 6562

•
The Choice of Better
Mechanics



BE MODERN in your kitchen and cook with a modern
Gas Range... BECAUSE... gas cooking is speedy, clean, eco-
nomical, and you can always be sure of your
results when you cook with gas

•
PITTSFIELD COAL GAS CO.

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXVI

MAY, 1941

No. 6

BOARD OF EDITORS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

HELEN WADE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRED CANDE, MARGARET WALSH, FRED THRANE, DON MOYNIHAN, DOROTHY CALNAN,
BERTHA THOMSON, HARRIET TANNER, DONALD CLARK, MELVIN FAKE

BUSINESS MANAGER

JULIA LAMM

ASSISTANTS

MARJORIE O'DONNELL, CLAIRE O'DONNELL, BETTY MEUNIER, MARTHA L. CHAPMAN, PHILO-
MENA CHIACHIARETTE, JIMMY MURPHY, MARION E. AMAZON, WILLIAM DEMINOFF, ROSEMARY
NORTON, GLADYS BRUNDAGE



Table of Contents

	Page
ON THE EDITOR'S DESK	5
WHO'S WHO	14
ALUMNI NOTES	16
SCHOOL NOTES	17
ATHLETICS	20



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

Thelma

Planning

By Helen Wade

FOR many of us this will be the last year of high school. After graduation some will go into industry and others continue their formal education. But for all graduates there will be great changes and many situations which require thought and planned solution. Even though we may have many friends and acquaintances, there is no one who can make our decisions or live our lives for us. At the final judgment all stand alone. It depends upon the individual what he makes of his life.

No engineer would think of building a piece of machinery without a plan—and yet we try to make a success of this complex machinery called “life” without decision or plan. Of course we are interested in the future. As Charles Kettering once said: “We are all concerned about the future because we have to spend the rest of our lives there.” What we may accomplish in this future depends largely upon what we are doing today. It may seem that we are too small cogs in the wheels of life to matter—that our ideals and decisions are unimportant. Too often we adopt a defeatist attitude, making of it an excuse to skim over life—to take what is offered and give nothing in return. Too often we say: “Well, what’s the use. Our opinions make no difference—we are not old enough to vote; and as for the future—what good is a plan when even the wisest dare not say what the future

will bring.” On the contrary, the opinions and ideals that young people hold today are important. Our present ideas may carry over into mature life, become part of our future government, and determine its actions. No one can tell what the future may bring. True. But the person who has an ideal to strive for, and a plan by which he hopes to come near that goal almost invariably accomplishes more than the one who does not have a plan.

At New York University in the course in life planning every student makes a five year plan—what he intends to do with his hobbies, how he will spend his leisure time, what he will do during his summers, how he will plan his vocation, the ideals he intends to follow. It would be wise for us who are leaving the secure confines of school life to do similar planning. Every day there are changes in our lives, making impossible a rigid detailed plan. But if we do set down a general outline of what we want to accomplish, our aims and ideals will be made clearer to ourselves and we shall lose a certain feeling of aimlessness.

Of course, our plan may not materialize as intended, for life has a disconcerting habit of placing unexpected obstacles in our pathway. But even if we meet worldly defeat, we have not been comfortable “yes men” drifting with the crowd. We can at least say that we have proved ourselves the “captains of our souls.”

As A Senior Takes Leave

Anonymous

ONLY a few days ago someone remarked to me, "Well, you'll soon be graduating from high school, won't you?"

I quietly replied, "Yes, in just two more months."

These few words, simple though they were, immediately caused me to sink into deep and serious thought. Since last September there has constantly been brought to my attention the fact that I am to graduate this June. However, not until I heard the above remark did I realize the true significance of this practice of "bringing home the sheep-skin." Throughout the year I have confirmed myself in the belief that graduation is but a set of exercises through which at various times in our lives we are obliged to pass. I had experienced the process once before, when I graduated from junior high school, and did not feel that the occasion affected me greatly. Although I was not a little frightened when I first entered Pittsfield High, my graduation from junior high school meant in truth no more to me than the fact that I was leaving a smaller school in June to enter in September a larger one with different surroundings and a number of different customs.

Now, however, I have come to realize that graduation from high school is something quite unique. It is an occasion which has a more far-reaching significance than most of us are able to comprehend. For many of us it is the bridge which will enable us to pass from secondary school to institutions of higher education where we shall expand the fundamentals of knowledge and put to use the principles of study which, under the guidance of capable teachers, we have learned in our high school course. For others of us it is a point at which we shall find ourselves ready to

attempt to secure positions as a means of support. For each and every one of us, however, it will be a departure from a type of existence to which we have long been accustomed and an entrance into a new and entirely different mode of life.

Inevitably, those who know that I am a prospective graduate put to me the question, "Shall you be glad to leave high school?" This is rather difficult to answer; for, as one can readily understand, the response would be neither in the affirmative nor in the negative. Rather, it would be in both. Indeed, I shall miss the comradeship and the pleasant associations which have been afforded me by my classmates. I shall miss all the able teachers whom I have come to admire. I shall miss the familiar rooms. I shall miss the majestic beauty with which the school presents itself as I ascend its steps each day. Yes, in a way my graduation from high school will be one of sadness and regret.

On the other hand, I have some very definite ideas as to the manner in which I should like to pass my future days, and I am very anxious and ambitious to fulfill these desires. For this reason, my graduation from high school will be an occasion of happiness.

At this very moment some of you are probably muttering to yourself words to the effect that the writer is nothing but a sentimental fool. Perhaps this is true. However, I am merely attempting to express my feelings as a senior who is about to graduate. I have greatly enjoyed my years as a student in P. H. S. It is a period in my life which I am sure I can never forget, and I shall always look back upon my days in this great school with the most genuine pleasure.

Never Again

By Marilyn Jane Kagan

DOORS were abruptly flung open from all sides. Out of them poured streams of students eager to begin their spring vacation. Down the long corridors they hurried, down one flight of stairs, then another, and finally they reached the seclusion of their lockers.

Ida Lou was one of these impatient students. Ordinarily she would not have hurried—but today! She feverishly felt the note secreted in her blouse pocket. Thank goodness it was still there! She didn't expect the other girls to believe her if she didn't have the evidence in her possession. For the twentieth time she timidly drew forth the crumpled note and read the contents, "Ida Lou, would you like to go to the prom with me? Bill." She had joyfully consented at her earliest possible moment. Bill didn't seem too pleased but Ida Lou was sure that no one else would have asked her. He had even told her that he expected to be star pitcher at the all important game that was to be held in Williamstown the afternoon of the prom. Ida Lou thought that it would be quite an honor to go with the star of the baseball team. All the other girls would turn "green with envy."

Ida Lou didn't see any of the girls that she usually walked home with. But she'd show them the note some other time. Now she'd just concentrate blissfully on Bill's superb hand-writing. Such graceful "O's", pert little "N's", and an "L" that not even Ida Lou could produce, were part of the contents. It was so much more fun to apply your mind to his note than Latin, thought Ida Lou. Suddenly the idea of clothing struck her. Now she would be able to buy her first evening gown. She would get the green print one that she had seen in Kelly's store. She was sure that it would look nice on her. It wouldn't show her freckled skin and orange

hair too much, and it would actually improve her slim figure. Maybe her grandmother would let her buy silver slippers and white elbow gloves for the occasion. Perhaps her sister Bertha would fix her hair in the new style for that evening. It made her look so much more grown-up.

For the next two weeks things went very slowly. She hadn't passed the geometry departmental, and her French was going down her teacher warned her. But how could they expect a girl to keep her mind on school work when so many exciting things were happening?

Last night she had gleefully brought home her evening-gown. Yes, it was the green one. Grandmother had let her purchase elbow gloves for the dance even if she wasn't sure it was exactly proper. Sis had promised to do her hair especially well that night.

Finally after a seemingly endless period, the gala night came. Ida Lou, assisted by the nimble fingers of her sister, dressed. An hour before Bill had said he would call for her, Ida Lou stood looking admiringly at herself in front of a full length mirror. She thought she looked as lovely as a dream.

Suddenly to interrupt this reverie sounded the harsh ring of the telephone. Ida Lou excitedly ran to answer it. It was Bill's elder brother. "What! He had broken his leg! She was so very sorry. She hoped he'd be better. Yes, he had played a good game. No, he wouldn't be able to go to the dance." After slowly replacing the receiver, she methodically walked to her room as if in a stupor. She sat weakly down on her small bed and painfully removed the silver slippers. This would probably be the one and only time she would ever receive such an invitation, and now—Bill had disappointed her.

"Dusty" Garret

By Melvin Fake

Prologue: Many intriguing images are conjured up in the minds of unsuspecting readers with the use of such titles as the one above. A person's heart probably skips a beat or two, as he conjectures that here is a saga of a courageous westerner, a plainsman who has no doubt carved his little niche among the hallowed great—"Buck" Benny, "Hopalong" Cassidy, "Little" Joe.

FIRMLY entrenched in a squeaky swivel chair, her clear, intelligent brown eyes focused upon the fast-dwindling heap of English papers yet to be read, is a tall, slim, grey-haired lady. In the dim light which seeps through the dull windows of P. H. S., Room 233, on a dreary Monday afternoon, sits Miss Blank, English instructor, perusing and grading the themes of her many, many high school students. Soon she reaches the last one. She breathes a sigh of relief and begins to read thus:

"It rained today—Sunday. This morning, I arose, peered out my window at the lowering black clouds, and I laughed. Yes, I laughed! It must have been the combination of weather, surroundings, and time of day that in me created a most peculiar mood. I felt like a small boy again. And it seemed only yesterday that Mother had said to me 'If you will clean and straighten out the attic, I'll give you ten cents.'

"I did clean out the attic, and I did receive the magnificent sum of ten cents!

"How clearly and lucidly her words stand out in my memory—as though the intervening forty odd years were but a day.

"Good heavens! Am I losing my mind?

"I pinched myself. No, I wasn't dreaming. It was Sunday, it was raining, and I was perfectly wide awake. And Mother had died nearly twenty years ago, and I was a pot-

bellied, middle-aged bachelor. Here I stood in the middle of the room, having childhood hallucinations.

"Fully determined to see this hallucination (if hallucination it were) through to the very end, I approached the door leading to the freshly-cleaned (?) attic.

"Up the stairs I bounded, three at a time. Before the top was reached, my stomping feet raised a cloud of dust.

"When the thick dust had finally settled and I was breathing normally once more, I hazarded a quick glance about the room.

"'Oh horrors!' and yet heavenly feeling of relief! Cobwebs—a vast intricate network of musty spider webs,—divided this pot-bellied bachelor from his childhood of forty years ago."

* * * *

There the story ends. The teacher smiles, lays the paper on her desk, and begins to think aloud:

"I am glad the story ends here. Too, too many people of today are living in the PAST. Unless they are somehow shocked into living in the PRESENT, they are quite likely to come to an unfortunate end in the FUTURE!"

AT SEA

By Margaret Walsh

Clear waters splash
On white rocks, sharp and high,
And try to climb their foamy way
Into the sky.
Strong winds roar,
But through no trees can blow,
And must content themselves to moan
To the sea below.
This spot is far
From scene of men and sod;
And it belongs alone to Him—
To God.

Knightmare

By M. Criscitiello

THE Age of Chivalry is past. The days of noble King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table have long faded into the mists of history. At first we think, "What a pity they're gone! Those knights were brave fellows, dashing around killing dragons and showing off their splendor at the tournaments."

Yet on second thought I wonder if many of us would like to have existed as a knight in those feudal days. Of course, it is nice to have everyone address you as "Sir So-and-So" and to have pretty women around to admire your flashing armor, but that represents only the brighter side. Perhaps we have all been influenced to a great extent by the propaganda which appears in those romantic bed-time stories of "days of old when knights were bold."

Yes, after we look into the matter, I think that we shall not be so enthusiastic about "knight life." In the first place, a reputation was a social "must" of every knight. Each lord of any standing owned a horse, and trimmings with which to bedeck the creature. Then it was necessary to have a squire to tend to the horse and trimmings and finally a donkey to transport the squire. It went without saying that one had his initials monogrammed on his shield, and his name inlaid in gold upon the hilts of his sword and lance. There were also various flags and ensigns, but such things were displayed only by the "country club" type of knight.

Every time one knight met another, the two, according to the custom of the times, were forced to engage in combat to see who would be granted the right-of-way. If they met on a bridge, one was sure to be thrown into the water, and as a result, his mail would be shedding rust for weeks to come.



Perhaps the greatest single disadvantage of being a knight was having to wear a suit of armor. In most cases these outfits were exceedingly heavy. Woe be it unto the unfortunate knight who fell from his horse! If the accident occurred in a lonely spot, it might have been a matter of months before someone came along to pick him up.

It must have been quite an inconvenience to dress every morning, for there were hundreds of little bolts and screws to account for. I heard of one rather absent-minded old fellow, Sir Archibald Gyermeer by name, who put his armor on wrong-side-out. Since all the screws were on the inside, he was unable to take it off and was obliged to wear it to his grave!

There were long moments of torture in store for anyone who had a flea-bite beneath

his metal coat. There was no way to scratch it. Just think of a knight suffering from the mumps. Either his helmet or his jaw would be bent out of shape.

The armor was a great handicap in love affairs. If a charming young lady dropped her handkerchief in the path of a knight, he would never dare to bend over to pick it up for fear of bursting his breeches.

However, the armor had a few good features; at least one never had to worry about moths and there was comfort in the realization that the pants would never get out of press.

The social life of the average knight was rather quiet. Except for an occasional war and the annual tilting contests, things were quite dull. Many young men were bored to distraction just waiting around for a dragon to make its appearance in the neighborhood. Literature tells of the famous "Don Quixote," who, having no sparring partner, went out to practice on a windmill. When he wished for a taste of blood, he found excitement in attacking a flock of sheep!

The one big event of the year was the jousting contest usually held to honor a newly inducted knight or merely to give the valiant men-of-arms an opportunity to entertain their ladies. Upon such an occasion all the squires were set to work polishing up their masters' armor and sharpening the swords and lances. Of course, these contests were colorful and exciting, but just as much enjoyment can be derived with greater safety from a modern football game. In nine out of ten cases, the knight emerged from the contest minus his head or at least with his bones thoroughly disarranged. When the dust had cleared, his faithful squire was always present to drag him from the lists.

Yes, the squire was quite a help to the knight. He always rode behind his master to pick up the stray nuts and bolts which came loose from the armor. Whenever a lady appeared in sight, he was always on the spot with his oilcan to lubricate the helmet.

Naturally, the knight wished to avoid any embarrassing squeaks when he lifted his visor to the fair maiden.

When one surveys the situation thoroughly, he will discover that all those descriptions in fairy tales are quite attractive, but being a knight is not so adventuresome and romantic as it's supposed to be.

Truly one of these gentlemen of medieval times presented a rather ridiculous picture as he passed along the highways perched like an inverted sling-shot upon his sway-backed steed and trailed by his ever-loyal squire. I for one, do not bemoan the fact that the Age of Knighthood is past!

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER AND THE LITTLE RAG DOLL

By J. C.

The little tin soldier was practicing drills,
And watching nearby, her heart full of thrills,
Was Sophie, the little rag doll.
She loved him and worshipped the ground
'neath his feet,
For he was so tall and so handsome and neat,
And she was as clumsy as Poll.

He cast her a glance now and then from his
eye,
And she tried to appear so modest and shy
That he smiled and turned on his heel.
Bang! down he went with a crash on his head!
She let out a scream, for she thought he was
dead
As he lay there; his death looked quite real.

She ran to his side with her heart full of fear,
"My darling, speak to me!" she cried with a
tear.
And she held him close with a low muffled
wail;
He opened his eye with a wink and a grin
And claimed, "I'm not hurt—my head's made
of tin!
Aren't you glad?"—that's the end of my tale.



By Dick Kaufman

AH, music lovers, 'tis Spring again; and with the coming of spring, warm weather—pity your poor scribe slavin' all day long over a hot record.

There's no doubt about it, this month is the month for the blues. Tops among the blue-blowing discers is BARNEY BIGARD (a small Ellington group) whose moody *Lament for Javanette* contains some great stuff, played with much soul.

The big DUKE ELLINGTON band also hits a blue groove in its shining treatment of *Blue Serge*. . . While on the blues don't overlook JACK TEAGARDEN'S trombone and singing *Blues for the Lonely*. . . The nasty trombone of Neil Reid appears upon WOODY HERMAN'S "band that plays the blues" theme *Blue Flame*. The reverse sounds so much like *Woodchoppers' Ball*, I shall not even mention it. . . In the "knock 'em down and drag 'em out" department, we like TEDDY POWELL'S *Straight Eight Boogie*, while on the sweeter side Ruth Gaylor sings *Talking to the Wind* well for Teddy. . . Nice bouncy stuff is CHARLIE BARNET'S *Buffy Boy*. . . HARRY JAMES'S ghetto trumpet fails to get off on his Yiddish *Eli-Eli*. . . While BENNY GOODMAN and Helen Forrest do give *My Sister and I* a sympathetic treatment, *Perfidia* sounds more inspired—both are good, though. . . CHARLIE SPIVAK'S delicious (can you think of a better adjective) trumpet gone on *Intermezzo* should really delight you, while *Simpatica* is an unusual ballad unusually played. . . "The whitest black band," BENNY CARTER'S, kick mightily through *Babalu*—Benny's alto helps no end.



By Margaret Walsh

WE have, this month, just the fitting book for those who are graduating. These tested tips on "How to Get Along in College" have proved so useful that Randall Hamrick wrote this book especially for the young man or woman who plans to enter the average American college or university. The author gives good counsel on studying, planning budgets for both time and money, hints for social behavior, planning wardrobes, and dozens of other things that most college students fail to learn until they are one or two years into their courses. No book of dry facts, "How to Get Along in College" is written in humorous, easy to read style. One very interesting story tells of the young girl who explains her reason for entering a certain co-educational school in the words, "I went to be went with, but I ain't." This book has been recommended by the Dean of Girls at Skidmore College and by the President of Princeton University. It has also been praised highly by every student reader.

Very important at the present time is, "Freedom, American Style." This red, white, and blue book has in it condensed speeches of noted American people which are of vital interest to every high school student. Freedom and liberty are defined the way they are meant to be defined, and fully discussed is the crisis facing America today. Ask for "Freedom, American Style" at your library now.

Freedom, American Style, by Alan F. Griffin
American Citizen's Handbook by Joy Elmer Morgan
The Right Job for You by Esther E. Brooke
Your Career in Nursing by Cecilia L. Schulz
Susan, Be Smooth! by Nell Giles

Step Up and Take a Guess

These young people are not the current winners of a baby contest, but are our own teachers as they looked years ago. Good sports always, they graciously lent us their pictures, and we thank them most sincerely. No names appear beside the pictures—that is for readers of THE PEN to supply. The first one to name correctly every teacher will receive a grand prize. Answers must be placed in THE STUDENT'S PEN box in the office.

1. What an intriguing little mite! Who would have thought that she would grow up to be one of the most efficient teachers of P. H. S.? We sign for a certain subject and learn it thoroughly, and during that class find something greater: a plainer goal and a straighter aim. Surely you know who this is!

2. This little girl grew up into a very attractive and very charming young lady. Perhaps you recognize her as being that amiable and interesting teacher who can at most any time during the day be heard uttering such expressions as: "Begin the lesson, Miss Smith"—in what language we can't tell.

3. This teacher would hardly be recognized if she ceased to wear a cheerful smile. Musical, she plays the piano and is a fine singer. Although she never expects to make a career of her (stage) acting talents, she takes part in many amateur theatricals. She may often be found in the school cafeteria.

4. A pleasing personality and neat appearance characterize this instructor. Although she spends much of her time driving a new car, in her leisure hours she leads a more athletic life—playing golf. Then too, she is very much interested in aviation and can be seen scanning the skies when the sound of a plane is heard.

5. This teacher's golden curls have darkened but she still has her charming smile and winsome manner. Despite her tiny appearance she is quite capable of disciplining her classes when their sentence structure is incorrect.

6. One would hardly recognize by the fancy dress and petticoat one of the taller male members of our faculty. Even in this casual pose there is already apparent the dignity that characterizes him to all of us. Patient and kindly he is always ready to explain the most difficult idiom.

7. This chubby little infant of an earlier decade is now one of our most popular feminine instructors. As one can readily see, she had little regard in those days for her waistline, which she now guards so "calorically." Scores of educatees seek her advice on sundry matters, and otherwise!

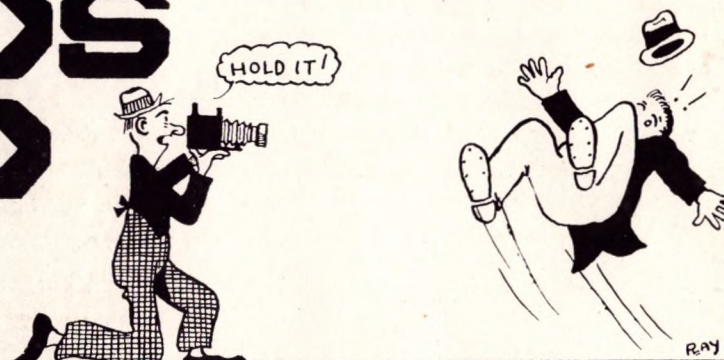
8. A commercial teacher who has athletic as well as teaching ability is this captain of a teachers' bowling team. This charming lady also admits a fondness for dancing. To those interested in horses—she is an ardent fan and goes horseback riding often.

9. When a certain teacher on the second floor sees this picture, she will probably say, "Tempus fugit." In spite of the truth of that statement, we see a marked resemblance between this winsome little miss and a certain someone.

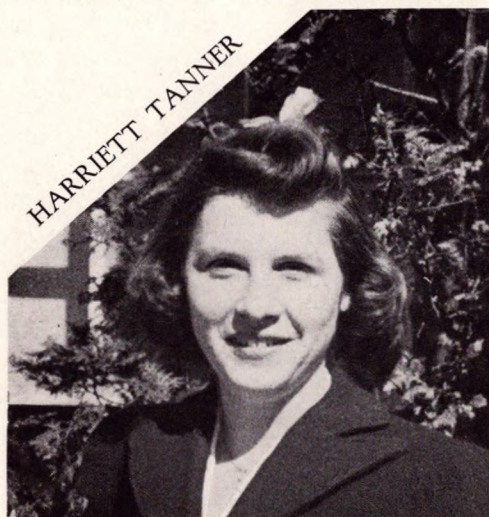
10. A "down-easter", the grave kindly look of this gentleman is known to all students. His hobby is fishing, and he recently received excellent equipment to further his ability in that line. We salute him as a man sincerely interested in young people and a fine example of the teaching profession.



WHO'S WHO



HARRIETT TANNER



THE GRADUATE'S FRIEND

For your information, it's Miss Harriett Tanner, one of the most popular seniors in Pittsfield High. With her wit and appealing personality, this charming lass wins your heart immediately. Busy with many activities, Vice-president of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y Club and Worthy Adviser of Rainbow, a good time is her motto.

Although her heart belongs to one certain male in Mass. State, the best way to win Harriett's affection, boys, is to feed her chocolate mint ice-cream and spaghetti—P. S. not all at once. Known to many as "Chicken", she has been on the staff of *THE PEN* for three years and at present is editor of the Alumni notes.

"R. E. PORTER"

Well, at last we've found him, boys and girls. Here is Melvin Fake, that amazing Boys' Sports Editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, who so modestly signs himself as R. E. Porter. Melvin, as you have probably concluded from his writings, is quite an accomplished humorist. His rather unique hobby is pitching horse-shoes; and, although he is no connoisseur of foods, friends report that he is especially fond of O. Henry candy bars. Melvin has admitted that he hopes some day to become an accountant. We feel it safe to say that with his pleasing smile and congenial disposition he's sure to be a success in any field whether he's adding figures or merely admiring them.

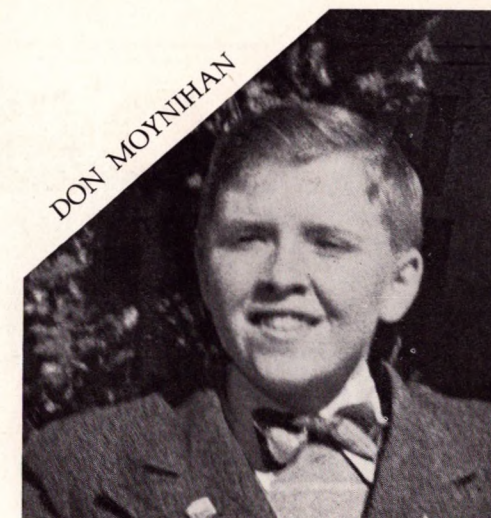
MELVIN FAKE



HANDY MAN

With fanfare aplenty we present our dynamic and ever-smiling Don Moynihan, exchange editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* and a versatile contributor. A junior, mind you, he goes asleuthing among us poor innocents to uncover the ghastly details of our private lives! He is one of Mr. Gorman's gusty men in the band and an actor of some renown. His favorite sport is skiing; his best loves, banana splits and brunettes. But don't, we beg of you, even mention in his presence the theorems of "Tantalus," or something! He is bound for the business world on one of the "waves of the future."

DON MOYNIHAN



DOROTHY ARIGONI



BANQUET CHAIRMAN

"When a feller needs a friend," it's girls like Dorothy Arigoni who are elected—so consider yourself properly introduced. Chairman of the Good Will Committee for two years, Dorothy also holds the important position of Chairman of the Senior Banquet. "Cokes" of any kind go over big with this pretty miss, but sweet potatoes are another matter. Dorothy loves to talk over the phone, and this should come in handy when she realizes her ambition of becoming an efficient secretary. As blondes and brunettes are all the same to her, boys, everyone has an equal chance—so go right ahead and dream of "Dottie" with the nice brown hair.

"DISCOVERER"

Music lovers, meet the man behind the column, Dick Kaufman, author and originator of the no-doubt world renowned "DISCOVERIES by Dick." This engaging young man is indeed musically-minded, for he is not only the musical director of Class Day, but also plays solo clarinet in the school band and orchestra. Except for the fact that the mere sound of, what he terms, a "Mickey Mouse Band" will send him into an uncontrollable rage, Dick is an agreeable person. His taste varies from jazz to short brunettes, and his one ambition is to lead a band as good as The Duke's or Benny's.

DICK KAUFMAN





While your reporter was lounging around the other day, I happened to turn the newest button on my cute little radio and I heard the following news items over station "P.H.S."

Flash! ! Flash! !

Home for Easter Vacation . . . David Strout, Claire Grieve, William Tucker, Milton Howe, Frank Fish, Benning Monk, Audrey May, Lynwood Langley, Marjorie Walkins, Louise Hennelly, and home from away out West (where men are men? ? ? ?) Ralph Millet, Arthur Peltasalo and Virginia Amerio. Incidentally there were only a few of the alumni home for the Easter holidays.

In Water Pageant . . . Eleanor and Elizabeth Wade took part in the Dolphin and Seal Clubs presentation of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea", the annual water pageant at Woman's College, Greensboro, N. C. Eleanor is the president of the Dolphin Club.

Poetry Accepted for Magazine . . . Isabelle Sayles, a sophomore at Ohio Wesleyan University, was one of fourteen students whose poetry manuscripts were selected for the first issue of the university's magazine. This magazine is similar in size and style to Readers' Digest.

Member of Honorary Society . . . Virginia Amerio was made a member of Phi Alpha Phi Society at Oberlin College, Ohio. The society is an honorary literary group.

Elected to Fraternity . . . Robert Stuart has been pledged to Phi Kappa Sigma at University of Alabama. He is also a member of the glee club and the rifle team.

Outstanding Kappa Sigma Man . . . Peter Barreca, a senior at Mass. State has been selected the outstanding Kappa Sigma Fraternity man in New England. Pete is also on the Dean's List with a better than an 85 per cent average.

Property Manager . . . Wallace Morgan, a freshman at Union College, is property manager of the Mountebank's Theatre, a dramatic society, which will take a three-act comedy, "The Inspector General", on a road tour soon.

Named to Senior Honor House . . . Dorothy Roser, a freshman councillor, a member of the Women's Scholarship Committee, a German Honorary and member of the band at Bucknell University, has been named for the Senior Honor House for the school year 1941-42. She was selected on the qualities of leadership, service, and scholarship.

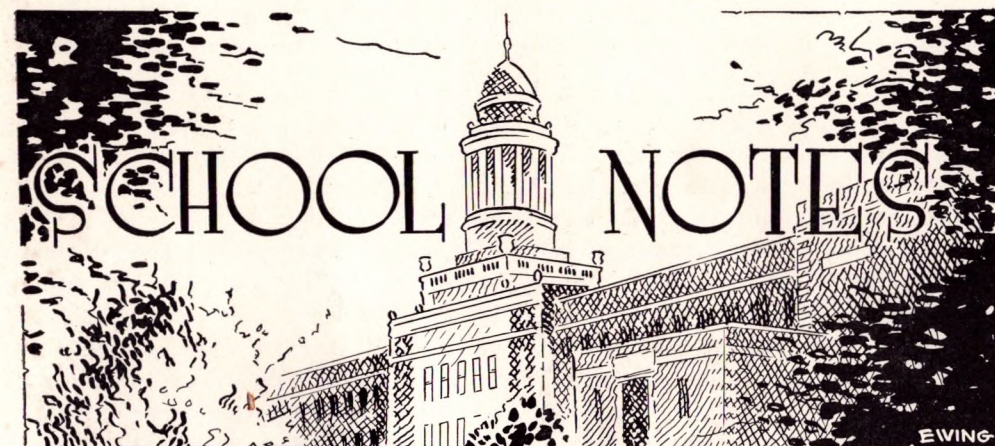
On Dean's List . . . Margaret Fake is on the Dean's list with an average of 92.5% at the University of Vermont. Also on the Dean's List are Stanley Cohen, at University of Rochester, and Evelyn S. Bergstrom, Marguerite Brielman, Gladys Fish, Elizabeth Mitchell, all of Mass. State.

Williams Fraternity Men . . . Bill Ford, a Phi Delta Theta man, and John Talbot, a Kappa Alpha man, are among the Berkshire County boys to be initiated.

Flash! Flash! !

So, with many regrets, station "P.H.S. '41" signs off. But this large and progressive station will be back in September with new material, ready for a bang up good year.

Good-bye now!



IN MEMORIAM

On April 13, 1941, the entire school was shocked and grieved by the death of Donald St. John, a member of the junior class. Donald was greatly liked by all who came in contact with him in everyday school routine, and his friends were many. Upon graduation from Crane Junior High School, he was awarded the American Legion Medal for high scholarship and character. During the year and a half he was with us, we had an opportunity to appreciate his grand personality and pleasing manner, and in his own way, he brought many a classmate through a trying day. Donald will be greatly missed by all who knew him, and his death leaves a vacancy which can never be filled.

enjoyed every moment. There is no need to review the happenings of these three years, for they are only too well known to us all. Our problems were many, but with the help of our friends and advisers, the teachers, we managed to weather the most difficult of storms. The various noteworthy events in which we took part were also many, with the Junior Prom and "Pirates of Penzance" proving the most important. Now plans for our Senior Banquet and Class Day are rapidly progressing. We plan to hold our banquet in the high school gym on June 12. The Class Day Committee is writing the script for the show they plan to present sometime around June 10. These two events, which will mark the climax of our high school career, show signs of being thoroughly enjoyable, novel, and interesting.

JUNIOR NOTES

Plans for the great social event, the Junior Prom are under way, and Miss Kaliher has the most frequented room in the building. The efficient committees are doing their best to have an original dance. The Decorating Committee with Eleanor Franck and Calvin Tainter as co-chairmen has had many meetings. We've heard that the theme of the Prom is about the most original to date, but they've managed to keep it pretty much a

SENIOR NOTES

There is very little left to say about our feelings for P. H. S. Within her portals we have spent the happiest three years of our lives. From the day we mounted the steps on that rainy September morn, amazed that we were at last to become members of the student body of Pittsfield High, to this time, we have

secret. The Music Committee, chairmanned by Robert Davis, has selected Sammy Vincent and his orchestra to play for the evening, while Joe Condron is using his "poetic gifts" to induce everyone to buy tickets. He and Richard Hosmer are co-chairman of the Ticket Committee. Eleanor Preble, chairman of the Invitation Committee, will be assisted by nine junior girls. Last, but not least of all, comes the Refreshment Committee under the direction of Irene Cooney, who promises that there will be plenty to eat and drink between dances. We promise that a good time will be had by all who attend.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Greetings, little ones, allow an elder to congratulate you on your splendid performance in the 1941 Gym Exhibition. You were indeed a credit to the school, and now you might well take your place as true members of P.H.S.

During the past school term, perhaps there were times when you wondered whether it was worth it all, for you *have* suffered. But now that the time has come for you to put your sophomore days behind you, I do hope that you realize this suffering was not in vain. It has taught you, not only how to take care of yourself in the outside world, but also how to help the sophomores of next year. When the vacation period is over and you return to your alma mater as juniors, keep in mind your feelings of the year before, and do not be too hard on the underclassmen. Just a parting word of advice—remember, even a sophisticated junior is not above a faux pas, so be ever on your guard!

A Senior

"A PAIR OF SIXES"

The members of the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y Clubs of Pittsfield presented their version of the three act comedy, "A Pair of Sixes" on April 26. The play was under the direction

of Mr. Edward Peple. The students participating were as follows: Phyllis Leonard, Robert Halford, Donald Moynihan, Elisabeth Urban, Joseph Coughlin, Donald Clark, Alice Prendergast, Willys Monroe, Marguerite Cutler, and Peter Quattrochi. Evelyn Denno had charge of make-up and costumes, while the task of stage managing fell to Eleanor Preble, Helen O'Connell, and Virginia Gamwell. The chairman of the Ticket Committee was Donald Moynihan.

The play was well given and directed, and those who took part in it are to be congratulated.

ASSEMBLIES

DIVING CHAMPION

Arlene Smith, diving champion and winner of many medals, favored Pittsfield High with a visit on April 3. Besides giving the students tips on how to walk correctly, how to swim, and the art of diving, Miss Smith showed colored films of herself and other champions in action. Many a hopeful mermaid became a little discouraged after hearing Miss Smith tell of the hours of practice that are necessary to perfect a dive. Ah, yes, it is times like this when we wish that P.H.S. had a swimming pool, rather than a dome.

HAWAII

On April 18, Robert Cusson, a former student of P.H.S., visited Miss Ella Casey, and gave an interesting talk on Hawaii to the members of her class. He spoke mainly of the common people of the Islands, whose lives are rather different from what we had imagined. Mr. Cusson informed us that the beautiful girls whose pictures we have seen are not true Hawaiian women, but rather Chinese-Hawaiians. The true Hawaiian women are very ugly weighing two hundred pounds or more. Mr. Cusson told of the great future awaiting anyone who went to the Islands. (Miss Nagle, please take note!) Still want to go to Hawaii?

ESSAY AWARD

NATIONAL UNITY ESSAY CONTEST COMMITTEE
657 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

March 25, 1941

Mr. Allan David Teot,
Pittsfield High School,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Mr. Teot:

It is with the deepest pleasure that I hereby notify you that you have been awarded the citywide first prize in the National Unity Essay Contest.

It was the opinion of the judges that the spirit, originality and technical merit of your essay made it outstanding among the large number submitted from your city. The Committee feels that if your sentiments are representative of the youth of this country (and we feel sure they are) America can feel safe in her future. Arrangements for the formal presentation of the silver medal are being made.

With best wishes for your success I am,

Cordially yours,

Elias Lustig

Chairman

This medal was presented to Allan by Mr. Strout before a special assembly of history students.

"ON THE AIR WAVES"

The Radio Guild is an organization with which we are all familiar. Its twenty members, under the direction of Mr. John E. Joyce are at present engaged in writing a script to be used for radio production by next year's class. Although the class, as a whole, has not recently presented a program over WBRK, a few of its members are engaged in outside programs. Miss Elisabeth Urban has been chief quizzer on the Junior High School broadcast over our local station for some months, while Dick Bolander does his part by keeping scores.

The class does a few special programs for WBRK, and has been featured on "Spreading

New England's Fame." The Radio Guild has taken its place as a ten-point subject and offers opportunity to those interested in any type of radio work. Mr. Joyce has great plans in sight for next year, and he promises that it will be the greatest year yet.

RECENT ARRIVAL

When the halls are noticeably vacant at lunch time; when even the most hard-hearted take to writing poetry; when new brown and white shoes appear on all sides; when the urge to be "absent without leave" becomes almost overpowering; when the teachers give their first talk on "the importance of study until the last day of school;" when there are no more lost mittens on the bulletin; when the excuse for tardiness can't be bad walking; when we'd rather look out of the windows than sleep in study hall; when the gym classes start taking their exercises out in the beautiful sunshine; when everyone has either one of two horrible afflictions (or both) —Spring Fever or a spring cold; and when Young Love comes into its own, SPRING IS HERE.

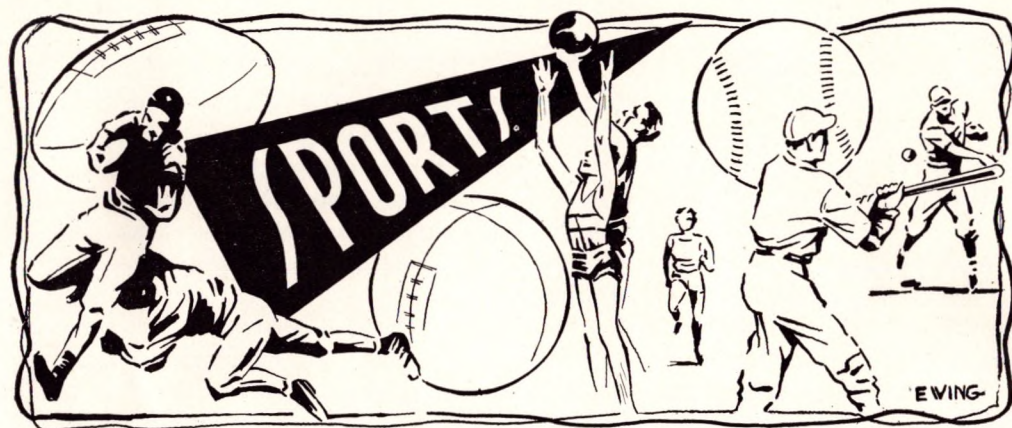
HERE AND THERE

Sad faces everywhere! We seniors will surely dislike leaving P.H.S. We almost wish we were sophs again—well, almost!

Easter was wonderful. By the way, the girls must have cleaned out the florist shops (not to mention the boys' pocketbooks) if all those corsages we saw Easter Monday were real!

Isn't it a shame that you have to show a button before you can get out of class? No longer can you mutter "Traffic officer" when accosted on your way out of class after the first bell. You need proof, Jasper, PROOF!!

Quite a few of our students have been attending the \$100 Quiz at the Palace Theater on Wednesday night, but so far, no one has won the big prize.



FEET AND LEGS

By "R. E. Porter"

The Pittsfield High track team under the tutelage of Coach John T. Carmody raises the curtain on the 1941 track season, which promises a great deal but guarantees very little indeed.

Since mid-April, when a squad of sixty flocked forth at first summons, the boys have worked intensively, getting their legs and wind in condition and smoothing out the wrinkles in technique in their various specialties.

Because of the splendid track records piled up by their predecessors, each successive year puts a more severe strain or tension upon the individual performers, and this year is no exception. In ten years of track competition at the Western Mass. Championship Meet, P. H. S. has consistently placed third or higher. She has won the meet three times and has come in runner-up four times. One has but to glance casually up and down the north shelves of the school library and catch the gleam of shining loving-cups, large and small, and to note the sleek contours of healthy manhood in flight as captured in gold and bronze in the form of statuettes, to understand this writer when he speaks of tension and severe strain (mental).

But getting back to the 1941 track season, all but one of last year's Western Mass. Meet

point-winners has graduated or is otherwise unavailable. Mariano Diczno is that sole full-fledged veteran. He competes in the not-so-widely publicized weight-throwing. Having won a second in the javelin throw in the '40 meet, Diczno is competing in both the javelin and discus throw.

One of the fellows who is "otherwise unavailable" is "Ev" Gleason, who copped the 220 and 440-yard events. Among fifteen other seniors successfully passing all requirements, Gleason has enrolled in the apprentice course of the General Electric works. His schedule of work and study almost prohibits any chance for practice.

This coming season is likely to bring forth some fast new dash men to replace the man who had originally been chosen to captain the '41 squad—"Ev" Gleason. Joe Ardia and Bill Flynn, both on last year's championship team, are striving for honors in this event.

In the high-jump we are still waiting for Norman Baker, a lanky, six-foot senior, veteran of two campaigns, to top all comers in that department.

George Ecklund, another senior, is being groomed for the longer events. Not outstanding as a miler in the past two seasons,

May, 1941

21

George is going to attempt the quarter-mile this time.

In the pole-vault "Rocco" Scullary is leading the pack as far as our own boys go.

Well, "Time will tell," as the saying goes. And we shall see the truth of the aforesaid statement on May 24, when arrives the event—the Western Massachusetts Track Meet.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

By James Eulian

The Pittsfield High School baseball team, composed mostly of veterans, will open its schedule Saturday, May 10, at Dorothy Deming Park on Elm Street.

Drury High, a strong, well-coached squad, will be the first Northern Berkshire League opponent to test the former American Legion Junior stars.

Carl Heidel, our big 190-pound southpaw, will undoubtedly be given the pitching assignment for this contest. Behind the bat will be Earl Turner, the aggressive, hard-hitting catcher of last year's nine.

The students and fans of this strong team will be blazing the north trail during the month of June; for Pittsfield's only scheduled home opponent is their three-sport city rival, Saint Joseph's High School.

The schedule:—

May 10	Drury	at home
14	Williams Frosh	at Williamstown
17	Adams	at home
21	Bennington	at home
24	Dalton	at home
27	Williamstown	at home
30	St. Joseph's	at home
31	Dalton	at Dalton
June 4	Drury	at North Adams
9	Adams	at Adams
11	Bennington	at Bennington
14	St. Joseph's	at home
17	Williamstown	at Williamstown

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Bertha Thomson, Rosemary McHugh

The annual girls' gym demonstration was held Friday, April eighteenth. Before a large gathering of parents and friends, the girls received the coveted awards for their athletic prowess. Agnes Cullen and Doris Lovejoy, seniors, received monograms, the highest award given. In order to obtain this honor the girls had to have four letters and four sets of numerals.

Letters, which were earned by being an active player on any winning team, or winner of archery, bowling or track tournaments were received by the following: Veronica Brown, Georgia Diamond, Rena Gkabiciki, Edith Gould, Ruth Green, Jane Hearn, Lillian Hogue, Evelyn Hunt, Grace Jones, Alma Kingsley, Frances Londergan, Dorothy Milles, Irene Morowski, Jennie Morowski, Anna Woitkowski, Sally Zajac, and Wanda Woitkowski.

The squad leaders were given emblems for their assistance with shower rooms and attendance. The sophomores chosen for this work this year were: Carrie Adornetto, Alvira Bianchi, Eileen Bloomberg, Barbara Brownell, Delight Bullock, Jennie Cally, Lenore Campbell, Janice Clark, Barbara Conliso, Mary Elizabeth Cozzio, June Cushman, June Delaney, Laura Easland, Eleanor Eckerson, Bernice Garrity, Elvira Gentile, Shirley Goldstein, Gloria Granfield, Jennie Helstowski, Ellen Heno, Priscilla Heni, Sally Jennings, Bertha Leidhold, Grace Loomis, Eleanor Madden, Alma Maiorano, Marjorie McGrane, June McClintoils, Dale Miller, Anita Newton, Anna Nykorchuch, Mavis Pike, June Ravage, Charlotte Scace, Betty Sisselman, Jane Tabor, and Bette Westover.

Numerals, the next award presented, were given to the girls who made the first team of their class or obtained 150 points in physical training, or placed second or third in track, badminton, or archery. These girls were: Carrie Adornetto, Anna Aulisi, Alvira Bianchi, Edith Boice, Virginia Broyles, Yvonne Carmel, Lillian Chambers, Elsie Cocito, Helen Cross, Bambina Del Gallo, Harriet Demos, Soule Diamond, Ruth Farrell, Elvira Gentile, Jean Goldsborough, Phyllis Goodrich, Ruth Green, Mary Harwood, Jane Hearn, Eileen Heno, Lillian Hogue, Evelyn Hunt, Anne Kennedy, Ruth Leahy, Frances Londergan, Eleanor Madden, Anna Mazzacco, Joan Raup, Jessie Sadlowski, Charlotte Scace, Annabelle Sookey, Jean Stanley, Helen Suhinski, Pauline Volk, and Ruth White.

THE GIRLS' GYM EXHIBITION

As Experienced in the Rank and File

After weeks of rehearsal and hard, tedious work, climaxed by the dress rehearsal, April 18 arrived. To describe my feelings accurately would be indeed difficult. To say that I was frightened would be an understatement. There were so many things to be remembered: *never* chew gum; enter by the side door; don't be late; no jewelry; not too much lipstick; don't forget the blouse to the costume I was to wear; keep in mind I was the third girl in the second group of the fourth section, going on number thirteen in the program—or was it twelve or eleven?—I never could remember that; and, above all, go straight to the cafeteria as soon as I arrived. Yes, the anticipation was great, but the realization was beyond my wildest dreams. I will never forget that odd feeling in the pit of my stomach as the time to go forward and “do or die” drew nearer and nearer. The room was filled with girls in different costumes, chattering nervously among themselves, practicing their steps in small groups, playing cards, singing, and only adding to my confusion.

Then that terrifying moment when someone announced we were on next, and I had to take my place in line and begin that last torturing walk toward sure doom. As I drew nearer and nearer the door opening in the gym, I could hear the noise the crowd was making. They were anxiously awaiting my appearance with plans to ridicule my poor performance. The suspense was too much. . . .

Then, it was miraculously over. It wasn't so bad after all—or so they told me. You see, I fainted three minutes before my group went on.

SENIOR BADMINTON

The Senior Badminton Tournament is in full swing. The little “birdie” is sure taking a beating from the seniors this year as they compete for the doubles-championship.

The girls who competed (and some are still batting out the finals) are: Leona Shutts, Jane Hennelly, Jean Robinson, Virginia Broyles, Lillian Chambers, Jean Goldsborough, Agnes Cullen, Arna Brookman, Jean Burke, Jeanette Tysiewski, Bambina Del Gallo, Doris Lovejoy, Veronica Brown, Geraldine Sheehan.

SPRING

By Robert B. Carpino

When the woods begin to waken

And the grass is getting green,

When the trout are being taken,

And the birds their feathers preen,

When the farmer digs his furrows

And begins to sow his corn,

When the woodchucks leave their burrows

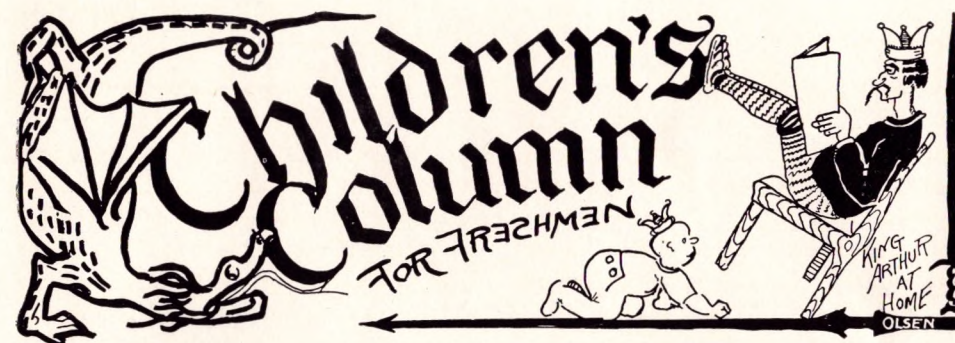
When the vixen's pups are born,

When our feathered friends are nesting

When they warble, chirp, and sing,

When no living soul is resting

Then, my friend, you know it's spring.



A young girl one day decided to go to a spiritual medium and take part in a “seance”. In the darkened room to which she was ushered were two pillows—one for her and one for the medium. After they were seated on the cushions, the medium went into a trance, rocked back and forth and began to declare: “I’m very happy—I’m very happy.” The girl became frightened and struck him. The medium, angry at being interrupted, asked why he had been struck. Answered the girl: “My mother always told me to strike a happy medium!”

Sylvia to Jean: “What did you get for your birthday?”

The disgusted answer: “A year older.”

Sighed a puzzled junior: “Oh, dear!”

Asked Mr. Herrick: “Are you speaking to me?”

A bright (?) French student now makes jokes from French grammar. An example:

“Why is the verb ‘aller’ so conceited?”

“Because it always requires a compliment!”

And then there's the clever senior (whose name we withhold for obvious reasons) who thought *Hamlet* was a little “ham.”

CLASS STONES

Sophomores—Blarney Stone

Juniors—Grindstone

Seniors—Tombstone

ON SINKING FOR THE THIRD TIME

By Mary Jane Keeney

Oh yes! I had a wonderful day.

The skies, to begin with, were pearly grey; I forgot my rubbers and sidewalks were puddled,

My homework unfinished, my poor brain quite muddled;

The teachers were cranky and I answered back—

Then one sprang a test—I was ready to crack!

Came final dismissal, I ran out with a holler To be quickly jerked back by a grasp on my collar,

“It's Section A's turn—remember, you're B,” I glowered and glared and ground out a “Gee!”

On reaching the corner, more reason to fuss, I was late by two minutes and just missed the bus;

So I splashed and staggered my weary way home

To be met by a long-lost Aunt Elsie from Nome,

Being gracious to whom left me low as a heel, So I think I'll seek cheer in a play by O'Neill.

REPORT

“Is my son getting well grounded in languages?”

“I would put it even stronger than that,” replied the teacher, “I may say that he is actually stranded on them.”

The Eagle Engraving Company
Engravers for THE STUDENT'S PEN

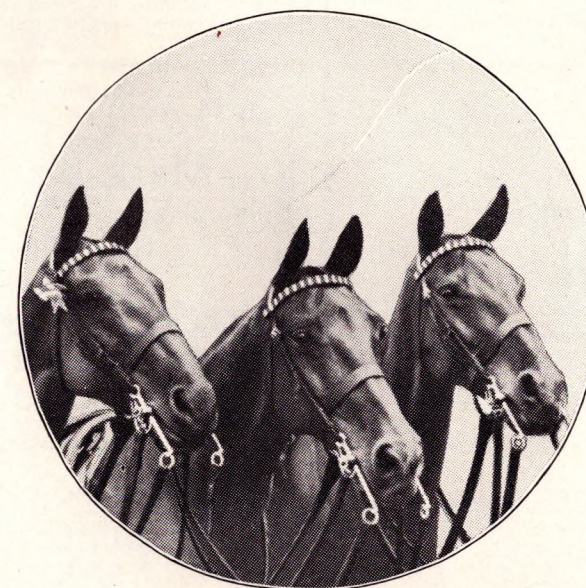
Compliments
H. W. Clark Co.
 Wholesale Groceries
 & Confectionery
 212 WEST ST. PITTSFIELD

Compliments
 of
The Tyler Theatre

Compliments of
BUSY BEE
 Restaurant
 West Street
 PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Compliments of
H. T. HOCTOR
 FLORIST
 Appleton Avenue

*Learn to Ride on Miles of
 Beautiful Trails*



**The Pittsfield Riding
 & Polo Association**

655 Holmes Road
 Telephone 2-2464

Pittsfield DIAL
Laundry 6493

Pittsfield, Mass.

Compliments of
M E E H A N
Funeral Home

22 MELVILLE ST.

Students...

Patronize
Our Advertisers

ATLANTIC Service Station

Mark Blanchard

at your command. We aim to give the
best service possible

Corner East and Elm Streets
Telephone 2-4108

SAVE TWO MONTHS
Enter Summer School

JUNE 30

ASK FOR INFORMATION

BERKSHIRE
BUSINESS COLLEGE

Compliments of
WALK-OVER Shoe Store
190 NORTH STREET
Telephone 2-2154

See Our Complete
New Line of
**Bulova, Hamilton,
Elgin and
Westfield Watches**
for Graduation

Buy On Our Convenient Payment Plan

Denno's
JEWELERS

Satisfied Customers Built Our Business

33 FENN STREET
On Your Way to the Post Office

W. T. GRANT CO.



W. T. GRANT CO.

Outstanding style and value!
Grants Exclusive

"Jack-o-Lantern"
Anklets

15¢

Much finer yarns and smarter
designs than you'd expect at
this price! Sizes 5 to 10 1/2.

Others at 10¢ and 20¢

**M & G Brand Fresh
Potato Chips**
Made Daily at the
PITTSFIELD CHIP SHOP
Shop Phone 2-6460
5 LINDEN STREET :: PITTSFIELD, MASS.

The Flower Shop
88 NORTH STREET
—
"Say It With Flowers"
—
Telephone 7967

**ROYAL
Typewriter Co.**
Standard and Portable Typewriters
H. M. KORNER
Sales and Service
Dial 2-5675 12 SOUTH ST.

Pasteurized Milk and Cream
Grade A and Vitamin D Milk
—
Delicia
ICE CREAM
Berkshire's Famous Frozen Dessert
Highest Quality
Dairy Products...
"Under Strict Laboratory Control"
—
Pittsfield
MILK EXCHANGE
Frank A. Carroll, Gen'l Mgr.
120 Francis Avenue Est. 1920



The CANDY of Excellence
Distributed by
Kaufman Brothers

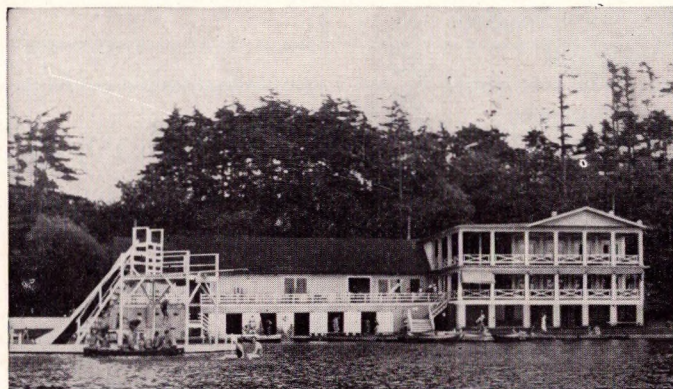
Enjoy Your Summer at the
Blue Anchor Club at Pontoosuc Lake

OPEN JUNE TO OCTOBER

Super-facilities for water sports. For details get "Questionnaire" and application blanks from Harry Genest, 63 Bay State Road, Tel. 2-7326. He will call. **WHY** pay \$8 in **June** when you can join **NOW** for \$5? Ask about **Special Family** rate.

"LIVEST" SPOT IN PITTSFIELD

Boat
and
Social
Club



SUN
Beach
Lawn
Porch

THE "SUMMER PLAYGROUND OF THE BERKSHIRES"

Compliments of
THE PITTSFIELD SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
"A Private School for Graduates"

74 North Street : : : Dial 2-7043

Send for school bulletin

Compliments
of
MURPH'S
Woodlawn Avenue

Attractions Entertainers Orchestras

Michael C. Sottile
THEATRICAL
BOOKING AGENCY

Affiliated with Boston and New York
The Agency of Show Business
Licensed—Bonded

73 NORTH ST. - - - PITTSFIELD
Dial 2-1125—Residence 2-4855

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



College of Liberal Arts

Offers young men a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

College of Business Administration

Offers young men a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in Accounting, Journalism, Banking and Finance, Public Administration, Industrial Administration or Marketing and Advertising. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

College of Engineering

Provides for young men complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Aeronautical, and Air Conditioning options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering, and Engineering Administration. General engineering courses are pursued during the freshman year; thus the student need not make a final decision as to the branch of engineering in which he wishes to specialize until the beginning of the sophomore year.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to upperclassmen in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts

Bachelor of Science

Pre-legal Programs Available

FOR CATALOG—MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

Northeastern University
Director of Admissions
Boston, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts ☐ Pre-Legal Program
☐ College of Business Administration
☐ College of Engineering

Name

Address

H-34

Walter S. Marsden

*Real Estate and
Insurance*



74 North Street Pittsfield

"Service to the Living"

J. Edward Dery

Successor to FAIRFIELD

700 NORTH ST., PITTSFIELD
Dial 7577

Homemade
Ice Cream Parlor

Excellent Ice Cream
In Twenty
Flavors



For Deliveries
Dial 2-3235



21 FIRST STREET
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

EAGLE
PRINTING AND BINDING COMPANY



Printers of The Student's Pen

BROWN'S
Homemade ICE CREAM
PURE FLAVORS



75 WOODLAWN AVENUE
Ed Fox, Prop.

Myra and Harold Cooper
are now selling
"BLUE COAL"

at

37 FENN STREET
Phone 6421

Morningside Bakery

Elfving Bonnivier

540 Tyler Street



Birthday, Wedding and
Anniversary Cakes a Specialty

COMPLIMENTS OF

**The ROSA
Restaurant**

154 North Street

Compliments of
H. A. FOOTE
BLUE SUNOCO
Gas and Oil

360 Tyler Street, Pittsfield

KULDA'S
SALTED NUTS

Nut Sundaes
Sandwiches



38 SOUTH STREET

RIDER COLLEGE

of Business Administration

Bachelor of Science degrees in
Commerce and Education

SPECIAL INTENSIVE COURSES



Founded 1865 TRENTON, N. J.

DRENNAN Funeral Home
"Home of Friendly Service"



20 WILLIS STREET
Dial 2-2936

Get Better Marks

RENT A
TYPEWRITER

\$2.50 a month

—
WE CARRY ALL MAKES
New and Used



BERKSHIRE
Office Supply Co.

46 West Street or Dial 2-3615

1835

1941

The
Berkshire Mutual
Fire Insurance
Company

of

Pittsfield,
Massachusetts



Over One Hundred Years of
Continuous Service

FOLLWELL'S
FOR
FLOWERS



805 North Street

Dial 8081

COMPLIMENTS OF

Wendell
Beauty Salon

William Langley, Prop.

Get Your Hair Cuts

at the

WENDELL
BARBER SHOP

W. A. Pomeroy

COMPLIMENTS OF

The
Wellington Funeral
Home



220 EAST ST., PITTSFIELD



Study up on **SUCCESS**

You'll find successful young people agree that saving is a big help in getting ahead. It assures you cash when you need it . . . for opportunity and advancement.

Open your account now . . . add to it regularly each week. \$1 will start you.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

INCORPORATED 1846

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
